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SIRIS TASSELS

BY

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Dedication

TO INDIA

I have loved her and served her long

Henry James Woodhouse

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SIRIS TASSELS.

India.

India, India, hear ! her very name is a
song
So regal is she, so dear, I have loved her,
served her long
As her gift to me I have lived life's fairest
days in her land
She knows that my heart she holds , I love
her and understand

It seems to me that she is a mother whose
heart is sore
When she sees her children, hers, the true
strong sons that she bore,
Swayed by hatred, discord, strife , like
moths at a flickering flame
Drugged with words , she sighs ' They
are mine and I love them each the same "

Varied in caste and creed, not their speech
but their souls are one,
Each is my cherished child, each my loving
and loyal son
They would win me stars to wear, a golden
crown they would give,
They would die for their mother's sake,
my children, wake and live !"

India, India, heed ! let the past with its
rancour die ,
Each morn doth a new day dawn beneath
her glorious sky
England stands by her side, the world and
the Nations wait,
Sympathy, service, love, these are thine,
O Queen, not hate !

Flower Memories.

My flowers bring me memories,
They make the past arise ,
Whenever I smell violets
I see a dead man's eyes

Friend, did you love me truly ?
That love I would not take
Yet, dear, your purple violets
Are sacred for your sake

Scents of the neem and siris !
That grey walled Eastern town,
White tents and tethered horses,
The still stars looking down

The warm air siris-scented,
A camp-fire's ruddy glow,
Beside the Tapti river,
One April, years ago

The white Madonna lilies—
Before the Virgin's shrine
Once more I live so gladly
Those childhood days of mine

We decked Our Lady's Altar
In her fair month of May
O Mater Admirabilis !
I kneel again to pray

Gold hours in a green garden
Where we two used to meet
You gave red regal roses,
And giving made more sweet

Heart that is mine for ever,
Dark eyes, dear lips that clung,
Scent of the red, red roses,
And we and love are young !

Burhanpore.

The play is done, the last act o'er,
We played it out at Burhanpore

With laughing lips we strayed until
All suddenly, my mirth grew still
O heart that was my own of yore,
I guessed your hope at Burhanpore

We saw the ruined Palace lie,
Relic of splendour long gone by
The Tapti guards it evermore
The dim dead Past of Burhanpore

The silks tassels 'neath our feet
Lent to our dream their fragrance sweet,
The old, old dream dreamed oft before
Ere dreaming died at Burhanpore

Thus silent for a while we stood,
Till sudden madness hit your mood,
" My princess, mine ! " you fondly swore,
That summer day at Burhanpore

Were you too foolish, I, too wise ?
Answer, sad heart and wistful eyes
This knowledge mine for evermore,
You loved me then at Burhanpore

But I ? I found some words to say
That changed your dream from gold to gray,
O love forgive that once of yore
I hurt your heart at Burhanpore

Dark eyes that haunt me with their pain,
Dear lips whose pleading was in vain,
This your revenge, for evermore
I left my heart at Burhanpore !

Do you regret the dream no more,
The dream that died at Burhanpore ?
* * *

Buster, My Dog.

So still, he does not stir,
His dear dark eyes are dim,
I call, he cannot hear,
My voice is hushed for him
I hold him to my heart,
His limbs are cold and numb ,
Old comrade, we can't part,
I want you, little chum !

Our six-years' story ends,
My joys and griefs you knew,
You shared them, best of friends,
My doggie tried and true
When sorrow came you'd bark :
" Cheer up, don't fret, now, come !"
You'd lick me till I'd hark,
I miss you, little chum !

On green Earth's mother-breast,
I'll make for you a bed,
There, comrade mine, you'll rest,
The green leaves overhead
Ah ! me, I can't forget,
My heart with grief is numb,
My eyes with tears are wet,
I've lost you, little chum !

Some day, somehow, somewhere,
We'll surely meet again,
My doggie that's my prayer,
God grant it's not in vain
When life's brief day is done,
Won't you to greet me come ?
With bounding step you'll run,
I'll find you, little chum !

Ireland.

St Patrick's Day—17th March 1914

Erin, that fair unhappy land,
Of whom it once was said,
Her, England never stayed to woo,
But, all reluctant, wed

O lovely, loved unlucky land,
Her North and South are twain,
One fain would cling to Saxon rule,
One be all Celt again

And still the feuds of yesteryear
O'er her like storm clouds lower,
To wreck the land that both hold dear,
Rob her of peace and power

Erin, O fair unhappy land,
Are all her glad days dead ?
Or will her sad eyes smile again,
Joy reign in Sorrow's stead ?

Nay, though they fain would yield her back
The freedom that she craves,
For her the future still seems black,
She dreams of grief and graves

Harsud.

Far behind us lay the camp,
All the world seemed far away,
In the twilight cold and damp,
On that dull September day

Then some villagers walked past,
Laughing, singing as they went
This one day would be our last,
Not for us their glad content

Just a girl in a gray gown,
Tired, silent, sad of mood,
Looking into eyes of brown,
On the cart road to Harsud.

All your heart you vowed me then,
You would alter for my sake,
Would be wisest, best of men,
Promises so soon to break !

Yet you seemed to find me fair,
As you 'neath the twilight skies
Kissed my lips, and then my hair,
Praised my radiant blue gray eyes

Ah ! no doubt you found them bright,
Since they kindled to your mood,
Glorified by love's own light,
Love, I loved you at Harsud

Then in silence, sad and slow,
Rode we to the camp again
I to stay, and you to go,
All my heart was filled with pain

Love, from me so far apart,
Reckless, lone, misunderstood,
Does no memory haunt your heart
Of that last day at Harsud ?

A Cradle Song.

The ends of the earth were ours to roam
For we were unfettered and free,
But now we are bound to hearth and home
And are held by the least of us three
The little hands cling so close, my heart,
And the small sweet mouth at my breast,
Not for a world from my babe would I part!
Love, my love, were the old days best?

Oh! then we followed the open road
And small matter which way we went,
For glad we wandered or glad ahode
In forest, or inn, or wayside tent
Now the sheltered days in a sunny town,
For the little white bird her nest,
And never the woods or the windy down,
Love, my love, were the old ways best?

Once I knew many a woodiand rune,
Blackbird's note or the song o' the thrush,
Now I croon only a cradle-tune
" Hushaby, little one, hush, love, hush ! "

So I sing low to your babe at my knee,
Kissing the wakeful eyes to rest
Which song to your ear has more melody ?
Love, my love, are not new days best ?

Tristan to Iseult of Ireland.

Do you recall the morns when we went riding,
Through forests green or by a still grey sea,
The whispered words, the jests we made together,
Your laugh that thrilled the very soul of me ?

Fair foolish days, and yet, God how they haunt
me !

Would I had loved you more or loved you less,
Had held, or left you ere you knew my kisses,
You who were made for peace and holiness.

So stately sweet, so graceful and so gracious,
A crown of gold upon that dear dark head,
My proud Iseult, my queen, my love, whose
lover
Has slain your pride, crowned you with grief
instead

To Margaret Singing

Margaret sings and the fair white throat
Thrills on the air with its melody
The gay glad voice, 'tis the blackbird's note
Or April thrush in the orchard tree,
The rainbow's gold or the rose o' June,
Lalage's laugh when one found her fair,
A moment's while and a change of tune,
'Tis love, its longing, doubt, despair

Margaret sings and she bears me far,
Strange lands and lovers I seem to view,
Rose gardens of Hafiz, long bazaar,
Listening I dream that my dreams are true
The Sultan's Palace, a slave girl's eyes,
Hussain's betrayal and his disdain,
Love that was folly and hate too wise
Margaret sing ' so she sings again

Margaret sings and she weaves a spell,
Opens time's door with a magic key,
Gossamer visions too shy to tell,
Memories forgotten she brings to me
Dead days dear dreams, at the sound awake,
An old grey house by a greyer sea,
As back to the past the road I take
Margaret sing ' ah, she sings for me

San Marco.

Patron Saint of Venice. 25th April.

With music, song, and laughter,
Venice is glad and gay,
It is San Marco's festa,
In church the people pray.

The Patron Saint of Venice,
His shrine they wreathe with flowers,
They deck the gay gondolas,
A day of golden hours.

Beneath fair lady's window
Love sings a serenade,
Content that good San Marco
Will lend true lovers aid

Those April days in Venice !
Before San Marco's shrine,
Once, love, we knelt together,
Your dear hand clasped in mine

" O Salutaris Hostia ! "
We heard the choirboys sing,
Earth seemed so close to Heaven
In that Venetian spring

Love, far apart we wander,
And nevermore may we
Dream by the Adriatic
Of days that could not be

Just April love and laughter.
Too slight a thing to stay
Yet, 'tis San Marco's festa,
My thoughts seek yours to-day

When Earth and Love were Young.

Sweet, lift your dear dark head,
Let me the memory trace,
In years that lie long dead
I knew that pale proud face
Such centuries ago !
For you my songs were sung,
I loved you to my woe,
When Earth and Love were young

When you were Egypt's Queen,
Cold, cruel false and fair
You gazed on me serene
And mocked at my despair
O night beside the Nile !
The gold moon overhung
You stabbed me with your smile,
When Earth and Love were young

I deemed you half-divine
Where Arno's waters flow,
My peerless Florentine,
My asphodel crowned woe
Your gift to me was peace,
For you my songs were sung,
I called you Beatrice,
When Earth and Love were young

At Eleanor's gay court,
In golden Aquitaine,
In tourney, joust, and sport,
I rode your smile to gain
For you I raised my lance,
My lute for you was strung,
In sunny days of France
When Earth and Love were young.

Such centuries ago !
So many lives we knew,
I loved and love you so,
Princess, behold me true.
Still, sweet, you weave your spell,
For you my songs are sung,
Beloved, loved so well
When Earth and Love were young.

Sweet Beatrice.

To Dame Ellen Terry on her birthday, 27th
February, 1925

"Dear Lady Disdam, are you yet living?"
Act I Much Ado About Nothing

Living? ah yes, Beatrice lives for ever!
You smile at us from out of Shakespeare's
page

Such glad grey eyes that time can dim
them never

As once at Benedick you mock at age

So through the years we hear your happy
laughter,

You boasted, sweet that nought could
make you sad

Tell we beseech you did love grieve you after,
Or was Beatrice always blythe and glad?

Was Benedick the husband true and tender ?
You scoffed at love until your heart he stole
How fared you after your most sweet
surrender ?
Full well he prized it who had won the whole

" Lady Disdain, " that was the name he
named you,
Until he saw heart's gold you had away ,
" Sweet Beatrice, " his loving lips proclaimed
you
And we who love you call you so to-day !

A Rain Song

O the clean rains, the green rains,
Refresh the fading flowers,
They fit earth for the harvest,
Bedewing it with showers
What though the sky is leaden
And all the sea is grey,
For the green rains, the clean rains
Have washed my woes away !

The winds and waves are calling,
'Tis I that will obey,
I'll doff my gown of satin
And don the hodden grey,
I'll walk beside the waters,
Beneath the stormswept sky,
And as for care and sorrow,
I bid them both good bye !

O the clean rains, the green rains
Pour on the thirsty earth,
They take away my sorrows,
And fill my heart with mirth,
So I with happy laughter
Contentedly will stray
For the green rains, the clean rains,
Have swept my griefs away !

A Vision.

Last night I dreamed a dream so strange,
It seemed herself before me stood,
(Not time nor toil nor clime nor change
Has healed my aching solitude)
God in His mercy granted grace,
One moment's while I saw her face

So still she was she did not stir,
Grey eyes that changed with every whim
Framed by the massy bronze brown hair,
Dear lips whose red death could not dim
Yet touched perchance with newer grace,
A moment's while I saw her face

So still, although I cried her name—
O name so sweet love's fairest word,—
She answered not yet smiled the same
Slow smile as though she had not heard
Yet God, I thank Thee for Thy grace
Though spoke she not, I saw her face

Fair vision fading all too soon
No message thine of peace or love,
No promise of some higher boon
Beyond death's gate in realms above
Though God may grant no other grace,
I am content, I saw thy face !

Maladie Du Pays.

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I'm sick of endless sunshine,
Of dusty roads and heat,
The days that seem unending,
The nights with leaden feet
I dream of days in England,
Green leafy lanes and flowers,
Of wet and windy weather,
And spring and summer showers

...

At Hampton Court's in blossom
The Chestnut Avenue,
Green are the lawns at Richmond,
The lilacs out at Kew
From dreams of English songbirds
In woodlands long ago,
We wake each sultry morning
To raucous cry of crow

The mail-boat leaves the Harbour
And swiftly bears away
The lucky folk who're fleeing
Fast from an Indian May
They wave their farewells gaily,
For oh ! they're glad to go,
While we they leave behind them
Full well our exile know

An Unknown Garden.

Once, long ago, I journeyed
Through leagues of dusty plain,
At dusk I passed a garden,
Its earth new-wet with rain.

High-hedged and sweet with flowers,
Tuberose, tall and white,
Poured on the air their perfume
And filled me with delight

I sent my thoughts a-secking
You far across the sea
Would in this fair green garden
My love could come to me !

That garden seen once only,
Those paths we never knew,
Yet still in dreams, beloved,
There I keep tryst with you.

Lady Willingdon's Birthday.

24th March, 1916

When years ago in March the Sunbeam brought
you

First, as a child, to visit this Bombay,
Did none foretell what time and fate have fraught
you ?

How more than dear you are to us to-day,
Your birthday ! and your people have acclaimed
you,

In loving greeting each one takes a part,
Throughout the land your Province has pro-
claimed you

" Our Lady "—Lady of the Golden Heart !
Yours you have made our every grief and gladness,
Take in return a love unbought, unsold
Bright be your life and free from touch of sadness,
God send you years all happy, Heart of Gold !

Princess Mary.

28th February 1922

The fairies came to your christening, sweet,
And gifts that they brought to you,
Were roses to scatter beneath your feet,
Skies blue as your eyes so blue
Hands quick to comfort and swift to share,
A heart as glad as the gold of your hair,
A soul that is pure and true
The fairies came to your christening, sweet,
They come to your bridal too !

The fairies come to your bridal, sweet,
And gifts that they bring to you,
Are love that will make your life complete,
All roses and never a rue
A gown that a Fairy Queen might wear,
A ring as gold as the gold of your hair,
His heart that is brave and true
The fairies come to your bridal, sweet,
They came to your christening too !

In Memoriam.

SIR ERNEST SHACKLETON,

Born 15th February 1874, died 5th January 1922

"Never for me the lowered banner, never the lost
endeavour"

A loyal comrade, a leader tried,
Most just and generous, brave and true,
His was the call of the waters wide,
Seeking the Seas that no pilot knew
Discovery, Nimrod, Endurance, Quest,
Magic there lies in each stirring name
His life he lived with a vim and zest,
And love he knew as a sacred flame

Ah ! never for him youth's dream grown old,
No flowered flag, no lost endeavour.
Dauntless, unbaffled, his tale is told,
Gallant and gay will he seem for ever
Sorrow and tears and vain regret,
Are ours who mourn for him , but he,
Britain's Son whom she'll not forget,
Has died, as a Viking should, at sea !

Irish Folk Song.

Oh! Larry took my promise
Before he sailed away.
I gave my heart to Larry
To keep till Judgment Day
Last night the Father blessed me,
And then he smiled and said :
“ ’Twas I that had you christened,
By me must you be wed ”

My mother sighs “Alannah,
’Tis surely as you please ,
But I would hold, mo mairn,
Your cinnid upon my knees”
The lads they come a-wooing,
They praise my eyes and hair.
Sure, I’ve no wish to heed them
Since Larry found me fair.

My grief I take to Mary,
And at her shrine I pray ,
"Star of the Sea, watch over
My sailor, night and day "
Oh ! Larry had my promise,
He holds my heart as well
'Tis I would follow Larry
To Heaven or to Hell !

India's Welcome.

Our King's son bid we welcome, O Prince
who is our own,
Hear to the greatest Empire that Earth
hath ever known
Through many lands you journeyed, each
spread for you a feast,
Our Gift, the gleam, the glamour, the glory
of the East

Your grandsire and your sire our loyal
homage knew,
To-day we give you greeting as fervent and
as true,
Strong is the tie that holds us, the love your
House hath won ,
We thank the King your father who sent to
Ind his son

Our sons went forth to battle, and when they
fought and bled,
With them you shared the danger, mourned
with us for our dead
So young you were, so gallant, boy when the
war began,
In bloodstained fields of Flanders our White
Prince grew to man

Though day and deeds of Crecy be ages long
away,
You live the ancient motto the Black Prince
found that day
"I serve," and in such service your noble
soul cvincc,
In hardship schooled, by peril proved, God
keep the People's Prince !

Ambassador most gracious and Ambassage
most great,
In very truth you herald the end of strife
and hate
We view the Vision Splendid, our eager eyes
foresee
The day is swiftly dawning, the hour shall
surely be

When fitted for Dommon, a calm contented
land,
Among the Five New Nations great India will
stand
And East and West together attain their
common goal
In unity of purpose, serenity of soul

Yule Memories.

Sing a song of Christmas ! an old grey house I see,
Far away and far away in a north country
I look in a mother's eyes, she is young once more,
One who will not come again enters at the door
Little lad and lasses home at last from school,
Mistletoe and holly, laughter, love, at Yule.

Gay and pleasant people, Sydney Town I view,
Stretch of sands at Manly, pic-nicing with you
Crowded ferry steamer, a banjo's tinkly tune,
Snatch of song and whispered words, silver
southern moon.
Could we cross the ocean think you we would find
The maiden and her lover that time has left
behind ?

Christmas Day in Bombay, garlands green and gold,
Marigold and palm-leaves , little hands I hold
Childish voices singing of a Child new born,
Venite adoremus, Rose without a thorn !
Santa Claus gifts brought them, how they laughed
and played,
This was *home my babies, here your nest we made*

Wherever they may wander, however far they be,
India, land loved dearly, their thoughts will turn
to thee !

A Door.

Each time I pass it, I half turn and wait,
'Twas here she met me in the long ago,
Here that I found her came I soon or late,
Here that she whispered " " Ah, I missed
you so !"

Always a welcome, and she seemed so glad,
She never wearied, sweet her look and smile,
But now without her all my days are sad,
Empty of joys they held for me erstwhile

Yet as I press it still my pulses stir,
I wait and listen now with bated breath,
Will she not come ? just for one glimpse
of her !
Ah ! sweet, between us lies the door of
death !

Poppy Day.

Won't you buy a poppy, Sir ? may be, out
in France
You too did your little bit, served and took
your chance
Dreary days in rain and mud, aren't you
glad they're through ?
In those French and Flemish fields the red
poppies grew

Won't you buy a poppy, Sir ? symbol of
the slain,
Ah ! those gay and gallant lads, they'll not
come again !
Fields of Flanders and of France British
blood stained red.
Glory, grief, these poppies speak of the dear,
the dead

Won't you buy a poppy, Sir ? there are
men you knew,
Comrades, need a helping hand and—it's
up to you !
Proud are we of you and them, proud of
those who died
Poppy Day ! wear poppies then, emblem
of that pride.

A Song.

Somebody sang a song last night,
Back she came from the shadowy past,
Joyous Babette with laughter light
Only a vision, it fled so fast,
Somebody sang a song last night

Somebody sang a song last night
An old green garden before me rose,
Sweet Babette with her soul so white,
She has forgotten me I suppose
Somebody sang a song last night

Somebody sang your song last night,
Mystic words to a magic tune
Babette, my own, my heart's delight,
I saw your eyes, my Rose O' June,
Somebody sang your song last night.

Sir Pherozeshah Mehta.

As Councillors many gathered round
In that lighted Hall he had ruled so well,
(Some silken-saried and satin gowned !)
I sensed and was swayed by a subtle
spell
For from the wall where his portrait hung
Looked keen kind eyes that seemed quite
aware
Of all that was altered since he was young,
I know, ah ! I know he was present
there !

Present and eagerly listening to
Debate, dissension, and pleaded cause
Did he think words many, arguments few ?
I wish I knew what his verdict was !
I thought of days when Pherozeshah
fought
Firmly he stood, fearlessly said,
Stately of presence and sane in thought,
I felt, ah ! I felt that he was not dead

When the meeting ended Councillors rose,
They left the Hall to the shades that
came,
You will say that I dreamed it, I suppose,
But I watched him step from the picture-
frame
He looked as he looked when I met him last
And he took his seat—it was Mody's
Chair !—
With Councillors gathered from years long
past
I saw, yes ! I saw them sitting there !

Taj Mahal.

Mumtaz Mahal, what memories
Came to him by thy bier,
Of glad hours shared together
In Delhi and Kashmir
Gold days and nights star-spangled,
The joys that once had been !
In Court and Camp, O Mumtaz,
Thou wert his Comrade-Queen

He covered thee with kisses,
Sobbed out his aching woe ,
" Mumtaz, Mumtaz, I love thee,
I cannot let thee go "
Then when time dulled sharp sorrow,
(Though grief was none the less !)
He planned to build thee, Mumtaz,
This marble loveliness

Cased in that Eastern garden
Where Love and Art have met,
Beside the Jumna River,
This gem in marble set
Myriad workmen wrought it
With toil and sweat and pain.
An Emperor's love undying
Lives in the deathless fane

He summoned artists, craftsmen,
All skill that Ind might hold,
And lavished time and treasure,
He squandered gems and gold,
To keep thy memory fragrant ;
That all the world might see
How dearly loved an Emperor,
How great his grief for thee.

Too still for song or sighing
To wake her from the dead,
Mumtaz Mahal lies sleeping,
Cold in her marble bed
Yet all these long years after
Her death and his despair,
The Taj Mahal bears witness
Shah Jehan's heart lay there

A Southern Garden.

I went to the olden place,
The loved ones were far away,
All was empty and still
In the twilight cold and grey

Scents of lilies, lilac, rose,
Down those garden paths I strayed,
Three children long ago
Here loitered and laughed and played.

And there where the jasmine porch
Looks out on the southern sea,
A glad young mother sat
In days that are memory

Alone in the dusk I stood,
A passion of grief was mine
The east wind sighed and swayed
Through casuarina pine

Pour Passer Le Temps.

I will remember and you forget
This love of ours that is just in play
You sigh as you whisper "Margaret!"
Lips tremble with words that you must
not say
I smile at you, but my eyes are wet,
For I remember you will forget

I will remember and I regret,
Some day if some one my name should
say
As smiling you light a cigarette
"Yes, I knew that girl her eyes were
grey,
She sang, I think, but I half forget!"
I will remember and I regret

I will remember when you forget
Each everyday dear and trivial thing
A ride, the sea, or the hour we met,
The flowers you give me, the songs I sing
And ghosts of the past will haunt me yet,
While I remember when you forget !

Deo Gratias.

We thank Thee, God, for each and every
day,
The work by which we win our daily
bread,
Mirth, music, laughter, rapture, rest, and
play,
Dawn, noon, and dusk, the sunset's golden
red.

Green grass and trees, bird-songs and scents
of flowers,
The stretch of sands and ever-changing sea,
We thank Thee, God, for grey and golden
hours,
For future hope and cherished memory.

We thank Thee for life's sunshine and its
shade,
No touch of bitter ? then would sweetness
cloy !
For strength to suffer, courage unafraid,
To taste of sorrow lends a zest to joy

So much lies compassed between death and
birth,
All life hath brought us, all that yet may
be,
We thank Thee, God, for this Thy happy
earth ,
But most, ah ! Love, I thank God most
for thee.

The Day My Father Died.

The day my father died
The world was red and gold
Flame forest hung its banners out
Red roses, marigold
The garden flagged with flowers
As tribute it would bear
For one who lived and loved so well
True hearted debonair

I knelt his bed beside
And memories were mine
Of faith that never failed,
A tenderness divine
When first that head I knew
Those locks were gold not grey,
Yet young my father seemed
The hour he went away

The dear dead hand I kissed,
Last gift to me his ring,
An old Scots song came back ;
“ He micht ha’e been a king !”
So royal did he look
My father when he died
The noblest, wisest, best !
With grief there mingled pride

Not where his youth was spent
In that grey Northern town
Where his forefathers sleep
Laid he life’s burden down
But in this sunny South
The land he served and knew,
India, he loved you well,
He rests at last in you

Goodbye.

" Goodbye !" I said it with laughing lips,
A moment's touching of finger-tips
My eyes were blind and would not see
The pleading look you cast on me

" Goodbye !" it found its way to your
heart
Leaving grief, bitterness, pain and smart
Love of my life, I could not speak !
Being a woman I was weak

“ Goodbye ! ” I say in my dreams to-night ,
But the tears fall fast and hide from sight
Your wistful face and sad goodbye,
Asking a question “ Dear heart, why ? ”

Song of Yasmini.

Red roses or white jasmine !
Which deem you, friend, more sweet ?
I wear the star white jasmine,
When I my lover meet

Once, long ago, he called me—
(O love's most radiant hour !)
' Most sweet, most perfect woman,
My own white jasmine flower !'

All day the King must labour,
His greatness knows not rest,
For soldiers, courtiers, counsellors,
The poor, the sore oppressed

Each one in turn may see him
He hearkens to each plea,
Must punish, pity, pardon,
Till night brings love and me

All mine from dusk till daytime !
So, at the sunset hour,
In the walled Women's Garden,
I pluck the jasmine flower

Red roses or white jasmine !
Nay, both of these be sweet ,
But I wear star white jasmine
When I my lover meet

National Baby Week.

" She refuseth to be comforted for her children because they are not Thus saith the Lord Refrain thy voice from weeping and thy eyes from tears for thy work shall be rewarded "

Jeremiah

Throughout the land the wail of women weeping,

Ah ! piteous love that vainly strives to stay
The hand of death which mercilessly reaping
These flowrets frail would make of them his
prey

Help them to live ! too prone to pine and languish,

These little lives whose price was peril, pain
If they must die then motherhood is anguish,
A useless grief, an agony in vain

Who loved and lost remember and re-live it,
Who love and hold most surely understand,
That joy so great naught else on earth can
 give it,
The small sweet mouth, the little roseleaf
 hand
Not love they lack these mothers who are
 pleading !
Teach them and train them, grant the aid
 they ask.
To-day for them is India interceding ,
Who seeks to serve her needs no nobler task

Unto Eternity.

If I could bring you patience in your pain,
And soothe your tired eyelids into rest,
Or lull with tenderness your weary brain,
Of all God's gifts to me, this would be best

If I could teach your sad dark eyes to smile,
And smooth your brow deep furrowed now by
care,
Or win you gladness for a moment's while,
My very thankfulness would be a prayer

If I could hold your hands within my own,
Those dear brave hands that nobly do their part,
Or share with you the griefs you bear alone,
No greater joy could gladden all my heart

But since, dear heart, to-day this may not be,
Since love and knowledge have alas ! come late,
Through all time's years, unto eternity,
Knowing you mine, I am content to wait.

The Fairy Changeling.

The faines stole my little child away,
They left an elfin changeling in her place
A wild bird caged, she shuns me night and day,
Shrinks at my touch and slips from my embrace.

Sometimes she gazes with such strange sad eyes;
Haunted with dreams, desire, and memory
Of fair far lands that fate to her denies,
Exiled, earth's captive who would fain be free.

I seek to soothe her " Child, forget and play,"

Yet grief, aversion, cannot wholly smother
Cold comfort mine ! " In fairyland to-day

May be my maid is weeping for her mother."

Napoli.

VILLA ANNUNZIATIA

" If I go back to Italy—"

She turned to me and smiled
So altered, yet I still could see
The maid I knew, the child

" If I go back to Italy— "

Madonna, if you go
I pray you spare a thought for me
Who loved there, long ago

" When I go back to Italy—"

The year will be at June,
" Days, dawn to dusk, blue gold, blue sea,
At night a silver moon "

When you go back to Italy

Dear, you no more may find
Gardenias you gave to me
In gardens left behind

“ If I go back to Italy—”

So young, so glad we were !

Sweet as her flowers she seemed to be,

As fresh and far more fair.

“ If I go back to Italy—”

Madonna, if you stay,

I pray you say a prayer for me,

Who loved, lost, learn to pray

March Winds.

To day the poppies bloom in that strange desert
land,
Each year the March winds call, ah! will you
understand,
And hear and heed their cry? So long ago they
seem,
Those young days, you and I, a poppy-painted
dream

So long! though you forget yet in my heart I
hold
Dawn in the desert, dusk, March nights moonlit
and gold
A stillness 'neath the stars, the warm sweet
scented air,
And poppies white and red, so pure, so proud they
were

In that strange desert land to day the poppies
bloom,
Glad gifts that once you gave are garlands for
a tomb
In vain the March winds call, those young days
ended seem,
Lost love, to you and I, a poppy-painted dream

Venus De Milo.

Her lover loved her loveliness
So shaped its splendour into stone
Thus through the years it grows not less
Her grace and glory still are known
White wonder ! she who was most fair,
Crowned queen of beauty, starry eyed,
With such a smile as women wear
Who loving, loved, are satisfied

My Lady of the Golden Heart,

To-day you smile with glad grey eyes
That knew no touch of grief or care,
Shall I be one to make them wise,
Or dim their light with my despair ?
To-day I stand with lagging feet
Before the road where pathways part,
God keep you safe from sorrow, sweet,
My Lady of the Golden Heart.

Within my life a shadow lies,
Dead days and deeds you may not know.
My lily-flower in woman's guise,
Shall I be one to work you woe ?
Perchance 'twere well had we not met,
Child, did I play a coward's part ?
God pardon me if you regret,
My Lady of the Golden Heart.

Keep still in me your old belief,
Still pray for me your patient prayer,
My talisman in doubt and grief
The dark grey eyes, the face so fair
Perchance your love may save me when
I take the road that lies apart.
You crowned me king among all men,
My Lady of the Golden Heart

My sweet, behind me lies the past,
Before the road where pathways part,
God grant I find you at the last,
Still Lady of my Loyal Heart

Princess Mary.

25th February, 1922

To-day the grey old Abbey her wedding bells will
ring,
The Princess of an Empire, the daughter of a King
A girl in silk and silver, all shimmering and white,
A maid who weds her lover, her true and gallant
knight

Thronged are the streets of London with crowds
who greet the bride,
They all her life have loved her, their own, their
London Pride
Ah! is she not a flower that fair and fragrant grows,
The white Rose of England, a rare and Royal
Rose!

So ne'er the grey old Abbey as brave a sight has
seen,
Though through the years it witnessed crownings
of king and queen.
For loyal love would render to one so sweet and
true,
All that of pomp and splendour is here, in homage
due

Ah! gallant lord and lover, knight with the Norman
name,
To-day a nation's darling your wedded wife became
They grudge you not your lady, their lovely
Princess May,
Since you will not from London bear London's
Pride away

You who have fought for England, for England
might have died,
All English heart and soul of you, God keep you
and your bride!
Content, her Father's people, for each one gladly
knows
That still in England's Garden will bloom the
Royal Rose

A Song.

First time I met you 'twas in early spring,
The fragrant air with hawthorn buds was sweet,
In garden ways I found you loitering,
No lily whiter than your lily-feet
First time I met you 'twas in early spring

First time I saw you I but saw your eyes,
That thrilled me with a mingled joy and pain ,
Their grave gray glory that of even skies
When the glad sunset is upon the wane
First time I saw you I but saw your eyes

First time you spoke, sweet, I but heard your voice,
Nor grasped the meaning of the words you said ,
The low sweet music made my heart rejoice,
Brought back old dreams and hopes I deemed
long dead

First time you spoke, sweet, I but heard your voice

First time I kissed you, I but kissed your hair,
That crowns you with its golden aureole ,
Love of my life, who are to me most fair,
Your body is less beauteous than your soul
First time I kissed you, I but kissed your hair

“ M’ aimez Vous, Ma Belle ? ”

My lover asked, “ Do you love me ? ”

I smiled into his eyes

The women who went before me had left
me, their daughter, wise !

Eve’s message throughout the ages “ To
keep man’s love deny ”

Yet his true dark eyes were on me, and so
I would not lie

“ Dear,” I said, “ were I a princess, heir
to a royal throne,

And you a gipsy bringing no gift save love
alone,

One smile from you, one whisper, and none
could bid me nay

I’d leave the world behind me to walk with
you your way ”

“ Dear,” I said, though fate failed you,
whate’er the years might bring

Poverty, loss, dishonour, you still should
be my king

I would give my life to save you or serve,
if I could not save,

Nothing and none shall part us, I am yours
unto my grave !

And after ? ah ! my beloved, who knows
what time may hold ?

If it chance that you forget me who then lie
still and cold,

God grant that I sleep for ever, I would not
wake to this

Who have found on Earth my Heaven in
your dear eyes, your kiss "

Oh, ghosts of the wise dead women who
played at love with lies,

" So much, too much I love you ! " and the
tears were in my eyes

But he, I dared not doubt him as white to the
lips he swore

(I saw his soul that moment !) " God knows
that I love you more ! "

The Betrayal.

(1798)

They will hang my lad in Wexford town
Doomed to die for the cause he led
Thy life I'd give for those eyes of brown
Soon shall they sleep with the cold and dead

Bound are his hands and fettered his feet
O love my love he was brave and free
May this make Death's bitter cup more sweet
He dies for his country's liberty

He met me oft when the leaves were green
(Now fields are trampled and stained with red)
She crossed his path once he saw Ro leen
Looked in his eyes and my dream was dead

O love, my love but she dragged him down,
(Ah, Mary Mother, he knows not this !)
She sold his life for a silken gown,
A flattering word, a soldier's kiss

There in the prison he cries on her,
 'Rosleen, Rosleen ah ! I love you so !
For me he has never the thought to spare,
 Yet, God, I pray that he may not know

Belle Mabelle.

Golden hair and face like May,
Belle Mabelle is tired of play,
Very weary of to-day,
Belle Mabelle.

Looks on me in shy surprise,
Wonder-darkened violet eyes,
Deep in them a question lies,
Belle Mabelle

"What is life and what is love?"
(Pulling idly at her glove)
Knowledge thus my own above,
Belle Mabelle

Belle Mabelle, my dream is dead.
All my golden years are fled,
And my words and vows are said,
Belle Mabelle.

Far behind me lies my past,
Child, your future calls you fast,
What will it bring you at last
Belle Mabelle?

Eyes as blue as violets,
Will you dim with vain regrets,
See how soon a man forgets,
Belle Mabelle

Will you play your woman's part,
Feel love's pain, its ache and smart,
Learn to hide a breaking heart,
Belle Mabelle ?

Will-Ah, well, you're still a child,
Simple-sweet and wayward-wild,
Eyes are wet, but lips have smiled,
Belle Mabelle

So I pray for you a prayer,
Though time dim the face so fair,
Steal the gold that gilds your hair,
Belle Mabelle

God be with you through the years,
Comfort you in doubt and fears,
Soothe your griefs and dry your tears,
My Mabelle !

Indian Love Song.

Last night I heard a woman
A-wailing for her dead !
I turned to my beloved
And clinging close, I said -
" Death's Angel could not hold you
Nor any Heaven keep,
You would come back to Lalun
If you but heard her weep "

Brave words and bravely spoken !
My lover held me fast
" Heaven nor Hell can part us,
The future, present, past,
Are ours, my sweet, for ever,
So know no doubt or fear,
All mine, all yours, heart's dearest,
Hereafter, love, and here ! "

For seven years, my lover,
We've shared both joy and pain,
Our love the gods have lent us ,
But they---take back again !
I clung to my beloved,
And sighing soft, I said .
" Ah, love, I hear that woman
Still wailing for her dead !"

The Derby Sweep.

" For Ten Rupees "

For ten rupees I buy a world
Of dreams that pleasure and console,
Days dreary once with hope empearled,
A Magic Carpet I unroll
My lightest wish may be fulfilled,
At will I wander over seas,
A castle not in Spain I build,
All this is mine . . . for ten rupees !

For ten rupees in London Town
I watch the people passing by,
Clad like a queen in Reville gown,
Ah, none more debonair than I !
Or may he in some Devon lane
Where honeysuckle scents the breeze
We walk together once again
That hope is mine . . . for ten rupees !

For ten rupees until is drawn
The sweepstake, portal of delight,
I eagerly await the dawn
That follows on that fateful night
Should chance prove kind—would I could tell
How goddess Fortune I might please !—
The prize is mine If not, worth well
My fancies bought . . . for ten rupees !

Pansies.

These pansies, sweet, I send
From one who was your friend
Till yesterday Love found
For me a name gold-crowned,
Your lover to the end,
These pansies, sweet, I send

Ah ! sweet perchance you smile
And guess my tender wile
Since pansy means Love's thought
Pansies your lover sought
Your thoughts I would beguile
Ah ! sweet, perchance you smile

These pansies, sweet, I send,
From one who is your friend,
Most loyal lover too
The old name and the new
Love's tender thoughts shall blend,
These pansies, sweet, I send

Irish Folk Song.

Mo cean duhh deehsh ! dear dark head !

Content by thy side would I wander on,
Would drink the brook water, eat dry
bread,

And sleep 'neath the stars when the
sun was gone

Cean dubh deehsh ! when thou dost come

To talk to me, here, at my father's door,
My heart beats fast but my lips are dumb,
Sure, how can I speak to thee, then,
asthore ?

Never a word I find to say !
But blame me not, love, for my maiden
shame,
In the night when I kneel down to pray,
'Tis the Queen of the Angels hears thy
name

Mo cean dubh deelish ! dear dark head !
With thy raven hair and thy eyes of
brown,
All thine, beloved, to win and wed,
I will wear thy love as a queen her crown !

To Christine Innes Rose.

The faeries dance a measure,
The wood elves pipe a tune,
I sing of a little maid
Sweet as Rose in June

Rose lips made for laughter,
Eyes like leaves are green,
Hair dark red and silken
Crowns your head Christine

Woodland elves and faeries
Wove for you a charm
" Now no foe can hurt you,
None dare work you harm "

Spells they said to save you,
Sweet, from grief and care ,
Glad the gifts they gave you,
Joys they bade you share

" Little feet, " they whispered,
" Lightly, lightly tread
May each path you follow
Be with roses spread

Never friend forsake you,
Never love grow cold
Sweet, God guard and guide you
Till life's tale is told."

The faeries danced their measure,
The wood elves piped the tune,
I sang of a little maid
Sweet as Rose in June

Percy Bysshe Shelley.

August 4, 1792—July 8, 1822

Near Shelley's grave the Roman roses grow,
And there in perfumed stillness he doth
sleep

His woe and wonder ended long ago,
They too long dead who once for him did
weep

Still are that restless heart, that eager brain,
Death solved Life's secret and at last he
knew

The sequel to Earth's evil and man's pain
In some fair land God grant his dreams came
true !

One long had loved him in her faith and
pride,

Through all her days she deemed their love
divine

Yet his soul seeking seemed unsatisfied
His songs as tribute lay on many a shrine
And of himself as lover he once said
That, ages past, he wooed Antigone
Thus having held her, in no mortal maid
Could find content, nor slay her memory

At Shelley's grave the sombre cypress stands,
Swayed by soft winds that sigh a requiem
low.

To-day, too late, the whole world understands
What was its loss an hundred years ago.

So, strewn with pansies, prince of poets lie,
Your lyre was broken and your lute unstrung,
When, like your lark you soared into the sky.
He whom the gods loved died, alas ! too
young.

The Secret.

Once, long ago, you loved me,
How many lives ago !
My lips have felt your kisses,
We dreamed of joy and woe.
Dark head that once I pillowed
To sleep against my breast,
Strong arms that used to hold me,
Dear eyes I kissed to rest.

So much we knew of rapture,
Drank deep, too deep, of pain,
Then death our two lives severed.
To-day we meet again
Once, long ago, I loved you,
Who love you not at all ;
But still that dim dead passion
Half holds me as its thrall.

I, careless and indifferent,
Still thrill beneath your touch,
And loveless must remember
That once I loved you much.
Yet I have kept my secret
And you shall never know
That we were love and lover
So many lives ago !

Sir Leslie Wilson.

Bombay, 10th December, 1923

You enter, Sir, and your chief City greets
you,
Her gayest garb of welcome doth she
wear,
Flagged ships, filled streets, the cheerful
sight that meets you,
Urbs prima in Indis ! may you find her
fair !

Much has been said of strife, sedition, sinning,
Doubt, discord, put all thought of these
apart
For you, for her, to-day a fresh beginning,
Yours, if you will, the key to Bombay's
heart.

You bring us, Sir, with you a fine tradition,
A statesman's skill, a soldier's service,
one
Of courage, tact, of sympathy and vision,
God guard and guide you till your task be
done !

This is a people very proud yet patient,
Swift to respond, to feel, to understand,
So swift to love if you seek love, thus
making
This Province, yours, a calm contented
land

Bombay.

Urbs prima in Indis.

By a bride was brought to Britain
This fair island as a dower,
Though she viewed it not nor visioned
Aught of future place and power
It was bride gift worth the giving !
Such we prove it day by day,
Grown to greatness through their labour
Who have lived in loved, Bombay

Ceaseless effort high endeavour
In the present as the past,
Crown her queen of sea girt cities
Make her mart of empire vast
Daily at her port the steamers
Unlade, lade, and go their way
To the ends of earth they take her
Trade and traffic, great Bombay

My own city ! such I claim her,
Though to me she gave not birth,
By the love that bids me name her
First in Ind, most fair on earth
When at Naples I watched gleaming
Out the lights around the Bay
“ As at dusk she dons her necklace
Fairer still doth seem Bombay ”

Sunrise, noon, sunset, and startime,
Nights of silver, days of gold
Soft sea-breezes, palm trees swaying,
Waves that sigh and sing and scold
Skies that smile or frown above her,
Seas now blue, then green or grey
Stella Maris ! in her beauty
Changeful, changeless, is Bombay

I wonder if the Saints forget.

I wonder if the Saints forget ?

Love, are you all forgetful grown,
Or, sometimes, are those sweet eyes wet

With pity that you left me lone ?

Grey eyes I kissed in their last sleep,

With trembling lips and sobbing sigh
Ah, surely still those eyes must weep

If they recall that last goodbye

I wonder if the Saints forget !

I wonder if the Saints forget ?

Sweet as you tread the streets of gold,
Is there no throb of vain regret

For woodland ways we knew of old ?

And through the song the angels sing

Comes there no echo faint and low,

Of blackbird's note in that glad spring,

That seems so very long ago ?

I wonder if the Saints forget !

I wonder if the Saints forget ?

Do you in Heaven walking down
In shining white a halo set

Above the hair that was so brown—
(The head that lay against my breast
The night we kissed our last goodbye !)
Have you forgotten Margaret ?

I must remember till I die
I wonder if the Saints forget !

May Magic.

I bowed unto the green trees,
I curtseyed to the moon,
I whispered Elves and fairies,
Of you I seek a boon
 'Tis I that have a lover,
Ah, one who loves me well !
With moonbeams and green leaves
I wove for him a spell
'Tis twined and twisted truly ,
But, should I vanish soon
And fade away like green leaves,
Or flicker with the moon,
I pray you of your courtesy
That he still think of me
When he looks at a moonbeam,
Or doth a green leaf see !

Cherisette's First Christmas.

When Cherisette was three months old
For her we decked a Christmas tree
With candles red, and green, and gold,
We laughed and laboured merrily
So many gifts her lovers brought,
They seemed so glad that she was here,
And we who love her most had thought
"How lovely Christmas is this year!"

Then someone smiled, "You are so young!"—
So foolish!" such a smile implied—
"She cannot hear the carols sung
Nor heed the gifts you place with pride,
An infant!" Cheri raised her head,
She opened wide her eyes of blue
And cooed at us, no word she said,
But oh! my dear, we know she knew!

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